TRISTRAM OF BLENT.

Being an Episode in the Story of an Ancient House.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

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Adelaide, wife of Sir Randolph Edge of Blent Hall, apped with Capt. Fitshubert. Sir Randolph dies p Russia, presumably in time for Lady Edge and Fitzhubert to marry and make their son Harry leritimate. They learn later, however, that the date Sir Randolph's death has been given incorrectly and that Harry is not the rightful hetr. They keep the matter secret, and eventually Mrs. Fitzhubert succeeds to the Barony of Tristram of Blent and re tes with Harry at Blent Hall. Unknown to Lady fristram. Mme. Zabriska and Mr. Jenkinson Neele are also in possession of the secret, and Mme. Zaprisks, with her uncle, Major Duplay, came to re at Merrion Lodge, near Blent Hall. Harry earns from his mother that he is not the rightful heir and they determine to hold the utle for him at any ost. To further his cause he decides to marry Janie rer. heiress to Fairholme, but finds two rivals in Bob Broadley and Major Duplay. The latter learns of his unfortunate birth from Mina Zabriska. He gforms Harry that he intends to tell Iver, and they parrel. Harry winning in a brisk tussle. Neeld secomes the guest of Iver at Pairholme. Mina meets seconds the guess of iver at Farmonie. Mina meets
feeld, and they form a compact to protect Harry's
netrests and maintain secrecy. Lady Tristram
lies after extracting from her son a promise that
feeliy Gainsborough, the rightful helress to Blent,
thall be invited to the funeral. Cecily and her father me to Blent, but Harry falls to receive them. Later e comes suddenly upon Cecily in the garden and salizes that she is a Tristram, the image of his mother. ind Duplay declares his determination to expose the false position of his future son-in-law to Iver. Earry unconsciously falls in love with Cecily and. of the legal heir. but she is Lady Tristram of Blent. then he steals away from Blent by night, stopping o advise Bob Broadley to woo and win Janie Iver, riends of his mother interest themselves in his case. lectly, unhappy in her new possessions, follows im to beg him to take back Blent. Harry joins oyd in a real estate deal and becomes a competitor d Iver. Cecily asks Harry to marry her so that he pay return to Blent. He refuses, and then suddenly less deal and is offered a viscounty by political friends. He scorns the idea of accepting a viscounty. Cecily eturns to Blent, determined to begin life over and orget Harry.

CHAPTER XXIV. AFFER THE END OF ALL

"My dear cousin: I shall faithfully obey your commands. Yours very truly, H. A. F. Tristram," and below-very formally-"The Lady Tristram of Blent."

To write it took him more than a moment even though he wrote first, "The commands of the head of the house," and destroyed that, ashamed of the sting and malice in it fo send it to the post was the work of mother moment. The third found him back it his Blinkhampton plans and elevations, Secily's letter lying neglected on the table y him. After half an hour's work he stopped uddenly, reached for the letter, tore it nto small fragments and flung the scraps nto his waste paper basket. Just about he same time Cecily and Mina were getting nto the train to return to Blent

This returning to Blent was epidemic; not to strange, perhaps, since mid-August was ome and only the people stayed in town who had to. Harry met Duplay over at Blinkhampton. Duplay was to join his niece Merrion in about ten days. He had ran sgainst Iver in the street; Iver was off to Fairholme by the afternoon tram Mr. Neeld, he mentioned, was coming to stay with him for a couple of weeks on Friday. Even Southend, whom Harry encountered n Whitehall, very hot and exhausted, cursed london and talked of a run down to Iver's. Sientmouth, Fairholme, Iver's, Merriondina; the rest were going there everybody xcept the man who three months ago had

poked to spend his life there as its master. And business will grow slack when autumn arrives; it is increasingly difficult for a man to bury himself in deeds or plans, or elevations, or calculations, when everybody writes that he is taking his vacation, and that the natter shall have immediate attention on his teturn. Harry grew terribly tired of that polite formula. He wanted to build Blink-nampton out of hand in the months of August and September. The work would have done aim good service. He was seeking a narcotic. For he was in pain. It came on about a reek after he had sent his curt acknowlsigment of Cecily's letter, laying hold of him, he told himself, just because he had nothing 20 do, because everybody was taking his holilay, and Blinkhampton would not get itself bought and sold and contracted for and planned and laid out and built. "I must take I holiday myself," said Harry, in a moment of seeming inspiration. Where, where, where? He suffered under the sensation of having nohome, no place to which he could return as to his own. He found himself wishing remembered its general effect so well that he remembered its general effect so well that he wanted to read the very words again, in the secret hope that they would modify and soften his memory. His own answer met and destroyed the hope. He knew that he would ave responded to anything friendly had it been there.

Yet what did the letter mean? He interpreted it as Cecity had declared he would she could not feel mistress of Blent while he was there.

She could not feel mistress of Blent while he was there

And, indeed, he had not meant to go He told Iver that in perfect good faith. It would have been in bad taste for him to think of going—of going anything like so soon as this. Whence, then, camethis new feeling of desolution and of hurt? It was partly that he was forbidden to go. It was hard to realize that he could see Blent only by another's will or sufferance. He could almost say with Mina and with Cecily herself, "This is the end of it." What then of the impressions Mina had gathered from Mr. Disney's dinner party? It can only be said that when people of impressionable natures study others of like temperament they should not generalize from their conduct at parties. In society dinners are eaten in disguise, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, but as a rule quite impenetrable. If Harry's had been unconscious, if the mood had played the man, the deception was the more complete.

He went to see Lady Evenswood one day; he sent expressing her desire for a talk become she field to the country. She had much hat was pleasant to say, much of the prosects of his success.

"And if you do, you'll be able to think now hat you've done it all off your own bat," the added.

"You've found out my weaknesses, I see," to laughed.

Tout's found out my weak.

To all doubt if there's any such thing as absolute strength or an absolute weak
ss. They're relative. What's an advanse in one thing is a disadvantage in another,

"I understand," he smiled. "My confounded onceit may help me on in the world, but doesn't make me a grateful friend or a casant companion? sult companion?"
helieve George Southend agrees as
helieve George Southend part of it is coned And I'm told Lord Hove does as
he rest But then, it was only Flora
ny herself who said so."

2.7.1 That do you sty?

2. pride's tolerable in anybody, except over, she declared
Well. I've known lovers too humble, and one so once, he believed me, went in, I won.

ou gave him courage, not pride, Mr.

vortve settled down in the new there's still a touch of the 'Desdichado' stime His would be the only shield! could be the could be the only shield!

the His would be the only smeld I could to volume of the litter about that But you're very strabout something. We Tristram "want to work, and nobody will in August," at down and stay at Blent No I'm as You say you're proud There's you way of showing good pride to and in the very house. If you do that, I shall nk well of you and even better than I think of the prospects."

"Poor girl, she's afraid to invite you! Write and say you're coming."

"She'd go away. Yes, she would. She consents to five there only on condition that I never come. She told me so."

"I'm too old a woman to know your family. You upset the wisdom of ages and I haven't time to learn anything new."

"I'm not the least surprises! If I were in her place I should hate to have her there."

"Nonsense. In a month or two---"

"If anything's certain it's that I shall never go to Blent as long as my cousin owns it."

"I call it downright wicked."

"We share the crime, she and I. She lays down the law, I willingly obey."

"Willingly?"

"My reason is convinced. Maybe I'm a fittle homesick. But your month or two will serve the purpose there."

"There's a great deal more in this than you're telling me, Mr. Tristram."

"Put everything you can imagine into it, and the result's the same.

She sighed and sat for a moment in pensive silence. Harry seemed to ponder, too."

"T'm going to think of nothing but my work," he announced.
"So many young men in their early twenties

he announced.
"So many young men in their early twenties succeed in that," she murmured mockingly. "What does little Mina Zabriska say?"
"O, everything that comes into her head, I suppose, and very volubly."
"I like her," said the old lady with emphasis.

phasis.
"Is there such a thing as an absolute liking, Lady Evenswood? What's pleasant at one time is abominable at another. And I've known Mme, Zabriska at the other time."
"You were probably at the other time yourself."
"I thought we should agree about the

"You were probably at the other time yourself."

"I thought we should agree about the relativity."

"There may always be a substratum of friendship," she argued. "You'll say it's something very sub! Ah, well you're human in the end. You're absolutely forgetting Blent—and you spend your time with an old weman because she can talk to you about it! Go away and arrange your life, and come back and tell me all about it. And if you're discontented with life remember that you, too, will reach the stage of being just told about it some day."

Things will come home to a man at last, strive he never so desperately against them—if the things are true and the man ever honest with himself. It was one night, a little while after this conversation, that the truth came to Harry Tristram and found acceptance, or at least surrender. His mind had wandered back to that scene in the Long Gallery, and he had fallen to questioning about his own action. There was a new light on it, and the new light showed him truth. "I must face it; it's not Blent," he said aloud. If it were Blent, it was now Blent only as a scene, a frame, a background. When he pictured Blent (ecily was there; if he thought of her elsewhere the picture of Blent vanished. He was in love with her then, and what was the quality Lady Evensword had praised in a lover? Let him cultivate it how he would and the culture would be difficultivet it would not serve here. If he went to Blent against Cecily's commands and his own promise he could meet with nothing but rebuff. Yes, he was in love; and he recognized the impasse as fully as Mina herself, although with more; self-restraint. But he was glad to know the truth; it strengthened him, and it freed him from a scorn of himself, with which he had become afflicted. It was intolerable that a man should be lovesick for a house; it was some solace to find that the house, in order to hold his affections, must hold a woman, too.

"Now I know where I am," said Harry. He knew how he would treat himself.

An unexpected ally came to hi

about Blinkhampton? Harry hesitated a moment
"I should like it, but I've contracted certain obligations of a business kind at home," he said.
"Well, if you're bound, keep your word and do the work. If you find you're not, I should advise you to take this. It's a good beginning. This is Tuesday Tell me on Saturday. Good-by." He rang a hand bell on the table and, as his secretary entered, said: "The Canadian papers, please."
"I'm very grateful to you, anyhow."
"That's all right, Tristram. Good-by."
There was no doubt what would be the practical way of showing gratitude. Harry went out

There was no doubt what would be the practical way of showing gratitude. Harry went out

He left Mr. Disney's presence determined to accept the offer if Iver could spare his privices for the time.

He-went home and wrote to Iver; the letter weighed all considerations save the one which really weighed with him; he put himself fairly in Iver's hands, but did not conceal his own wish: he knew that if Iver were against the idea on solid business grounds he would not be affected by Harry's personal preference. But the business reasons when examined did not seem very serious, and Harry thought that he would got leave to go. He rose from his writing with a long sigh. If he received the answer he expected he was at the parting of the ways, and he had chosen the path that led directly and finally away from Blent.

An evening paper was brought to him. A tremendous headline caught his notice. "Resignation of Lord Hove. He will not arbitrate about Barilland. Will the Government break up?" Frobably not, thought Harry; and it was odd to reflect that, if Lord Hove had got his ways, Harry would have lost his heroic remedy. So great things and small touch and intersect one another.

It was his last struggle; he had no doubt that he could win, but the fight was very flerce. Impatient of his quiet rooms, he went out into the crowded streets. At first he found himself envying everybody he passed the cabman on his box, the rough young fellows escaped from the factory, the man who sold matches and had no cares beyond food and a bed. But presently he forgot them all and walked among shadows. He was at Blent in spirit, sometimes with Addie Tristram, sometimes with Gecily. Half afraid of himself, he turned round and made for home again he could not be sure of his self control. But again he mastered that, and again paced the streets, now in a grim resolution to tire out mind and body so that these visions should have nothing to work on, and finding blank unresponsive weariness should go their ways and leave him in an insensible fatigue.

"A fine evening," he said, as he started on his chop.

"Very seasonable," she began, in a mincing tone, but suddenly she broke off, to exclaim in a voice and accent more natural and spontaneous: "Good gracious, I've seen you before, haven't I?"

"I'm not aware that I ever had the honor," said Harry.

"Well, I know your face, anyhow." She was looking at him and searching her memory. "You're not at the halls, are you?"

"No. I'm not at the halls, are you?"

"No. I'm not at the halls, are you?"

"You're seen your face in the papers. I shall get it in a minute, now. Don't you tell me." She studied him with determination. Harry are away in contented amusement. "Yes, you're the man who—why, yes, you're Tristram."

She studied him with determination Harry ate away in contented amusement "yes, you're the man who why, yes, you're Tristram"

"Well, to think of that! Meeting you! Well, I shall have something to tell the girls. Why, a friend of mine wrote down to the country, special, for your photo."

"That must have proved a disappointment, I'm afraid. The remance was better than the here."

"You may say romance." she conceded, heartlly. "To be a lord and—" She leaned forward. "I say, how do you get your living now?"

"Gone into the building trade," he answered.

"You surprise me!" The observation was evidently meant to be extremely civil. "But there, it isn't so much what your job is as having some bob. That's what I say."

"I wish I always said and thought things as sensible," and he took courage to offer her another glass of lager. She accepted with a slight recrudescence of primness, but her eyes did not leave him now. "I never did," he heard her murmur as she raised her glass. "Well, here's luck to you, sir," (He had been a lord, even if he were now a buildier.) "You did the straight thing in the end." "Whit?" asked Harry, a little startled. "Well, some did say as you'd known it all along. (h. I don't say so. Some did."

"Harry began to laugh. "It doesn't matter, does it, if I did the straight thing in the end?" "I'm sure as I shouldn't blame you if you had been a bit tempted. I know what that is. Well, sir, I'll say good evening."

"Good evening, miss, and thank you very much, said Harry, rising as she rose. His friends criticised that sometines; this young lady evidently approved.

"you've no cause to thank me," said she with an admiring look.
"yes I have as it happened. I believe I wanted somebody to remind me that I had done the straight thing in the end, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

"Well, I shall have something to tell the girla!" she said again in wondering tones, as she nodded and turned slowly away.

"Harry was comforted. The stress of his."

pain was past. He sat on over his simple meal in a leisurely, comfortable fashion.

He gained his rooms. A letter lay waiting for him on the table. He opened it and found that it was from Mina Zabriska.

"We are back here," she wrote. "I am staying at Blent till my uncle comes down. I must write and say good-by to you. I dare say we shail never meet again, or merely by chance. I am very unhappy about it all, but with two people like Cecily and you nothing else could nave happened. I see that now, and I'm not going to try to interfere any more. I shan't ask you to forgive me for interfering, because you've made the results quite enough punishment for anything I did wrong. And now Cecily goes about looking just like you—hard and proud and grim; and she's begun to move things about and alter arrangments at Blent. That's what brings it home to me most of all. I'And to me,' interposed Harry, as he read.] If I was the sort of woman you think me, I'should go on writing to you. But I shan't write again. I am going to stay at Merrion through the winter, and since you won't come here, this is the last of me for a long time, anyhow. O. you Tristams! Good-by.

"Poor little Imp!" said Harry. "She's a very good sort. And she seems about right. It's the end of everything." He paused and looked round. "Except of these room—and my work—and, weil, life at large, you know." He laughed in the sudden realization of how much was left after there was an end of all—life to be lived, work to be done, enjoyments to be won.

"But I don't believe," he said to himself, slowly smiling. "that I should ever have come to understand that or to fulfil it unless I had—what did the girlsay? done the strai 'ht thing in the end, and come out of Blent. Well, old Blent, good-by." He crumpled up Mina's letter and flung it into the grate.

The maidservant opened the door. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir." she said.

"O, say I'm busy—" he began.

"We must see you, please." insisted Mr. Jenkinson Neeld with unusual firmness. He turned to the man with him s

CHAPTER XXV. THERE'S THE LADY, TOO!

THERE'S THE LADY. TOO!

There was nothing very remarkable about Col. Wilmot Edge. He was a slightly built, trim man, but his trimness was not distinctively military. He might have been anything, save that just now the tan on his face witnessed to an out-of-door life. His manner was cold, his method of speech leisurely and methodical. At first sight Harry saw nothing in him to modify the belief in which he had grown up—that the Edges were an unattractive race, unable to appreciate Tristrams, much less worthy to mate with them. He gave the Colonel a chair rather grudgingly and turned to old Mr. Neeld for an explanation of the visit.

Neeld had fussed himself into a seat already, and had drawn some sheets of paper covered with typewriting from his pocket. He spread them out, smoothed them down, cleared his throat and answered Harry's look by a glance at Edge. Mr. Neeld was in a fidget, a fidget of importance and expectancy." You will know "said Edge, gravely, "that

wife of a man of high position and high reputation. She had contrived—she was a remarkable woman—to carry out this expedition of hers without rousing any suspicion. She had returned to her husband and children. Finding herself in danger she took the bold course of throwing herself on my mercy, and sent for me to Paris. It was not my desire to rake up the story to injure my brother's memory or to break up the woman's home. I pocketed the loss, as far as I was concerned. As for you, I didn't know you were concerned. I had never gone into the details. I accepted the view which your own conduct and Lady Tristram's suggested. I promised silence, guarding myself by a proviso that I must speak if the interests of third persons were ever affected. Your interests are affected now, and I have spoken, Mr. Tristram—or Lord Tristram, as I undoubtedly ought to say.

Harry turned to Mr. Neeld with a smile.

cleared his throat and answered Harry's look by a glance at Edge. Mr. Neeld was in a fidget, a fidget of importance and expectancy.

"You will know," said Edge, gravely, "that no ordinary matter has led me to call on you, Mr. Tristram. You must consider this Interview purely as one of a business kind. I have just returned to England. For two months I have been out of the way of receiving letters or newspapers. I went to the Imperium Club to-night—I arrived only this morning—and dined in Neeld's company. As it chanced, we spoke of you, and I learned what had happened since I left England. I have lost no time in calling on you.

Neeld was listening and fidgeting with his sheets of paper. The Colonel's preamble excited little interest in Harry, the reaction of his struggle was on him: he was courteously but not keenly attentive.

"It is not agreeable to me to speak of my brother to you, Mr. Tristram. Doubtless we should differ if we discussed his character and conduct. It is not necessary.

"Is Sir Randolph Edge concerned in what you have to say to me?" asked Harry.

"Yes, I am sorry to say he is. Another person is concerned also."

"One moment. You are, of course, aware that I no longer represent my family? Legally I'm not even a member of it. It is possible that you ought to address yourself to Lady Tristram—my cousin—or to her lawyers."

"I have to speak to you. Is the name of the Comtesse d'Albreville known to you, Mr. Tristram?"

"Yes, I've heard my mother speak of meeting her in Paris."

"You are aware that later—after he parted from Lady Tristram—my brother went to Russia, where he had business interests?"

"I have very good reason to know that."

Harry smiled at Mr. Neeld, who had apparently got all he could out of his papers and was sitting quiet and upright in an eager attention.

"What I am about to say is known, I believe, to myself alone—and to Neeld here, to whom I told it to-night. While my brother was in Russia he was joined by the Comtesse. She paid him a visit—secretly, I need hardly add. She pas

just completed the sale of one of his Russian properties. She was a brilliant womanshe died, by the way, two or three years ago but extravagant and fond of money. She prevailed on my brother to promise her the price of this property as a gift. The sum was considerable—about £7,000."

Harry nodded. Here seemed to be some possible light on the reasons for the interview.

"This money was to be paid—in gold—on a certain day. I speak now from information imparted to me subsequently by the Comtesse herself. It was given under a promise of secrecy which I have kept hitherto, but now find myself compelled in honesty to break."

"There can be no question of what is your duty. Edge." Mr. Neeld put in.

"I think none. My brother during his illness discussed the matter with the Comtesse. The money was payable in Petersburg. He could not hope to be well enough to go there. At her suggestion he signed a paper authorizing payment to be made to her or to an agent appointed by her. The money being destined for her ultimately, this naturally seemed the best arrangement. She could go and receive the money or send for it—as a fact, she went in person when the time came—and all would be settled."

"Quite so. And the transaction would not appear on the face of Sir Randolph's accounts or bankbook," Harry suggested.

"It's possible that weight was given to that consideration, too, but it is not very material. The Comtesse, then, was in possession of this authority. My brother's illness took a turn for the worse. To be brief, he died before the day came on which the money was to be paid.

"And she presented the authority all the same?" asked Harry. "And got the money, did she?"

"That is precisely the course she adopted," assented CO. Edge.

"Barry took a walk up and down the room."

same?" asked Harry. "And got the money, did she?"
"That is precisely the course she adopted," assented Col. Edge.
Harry took a walk up and down the room and returned to the hearthrug.
"I'm very sensible of your kindness in coming here to-day," he said, "and your conduct is that of a man of honor. But at this point I'll stop you, please. I'm aware that prima facie the law would pronounce me to be Sir Randolph's son. That has always been displayed on yours. I have nothing to do with Sir Randolph Edge or his property."

The Colonel listened unmoved.
"In any case you would have nothing to do with my brother's property," he remarked. "He left a will by which I was constituted sole legatee."
"Then if she robbed anybody she robbed you?"
"Certainly, and three years later she came."

"He left a will by which I was constituted sole legatee."

"Then if she robbed anybody she robbed you?"

"Certainly, and three years later she came and told me so."

"Then how in the world does it concern me?" cried Harry, impatiently.

"You put your finger on the spot, Mr. Tristram, but you took it off again. You said she presented the authority all the same."

"Well, yes. The authority would be revoked by his death. At least, I suppose there's no question of that? Did she get at them before they heard of the death?"

"This money was payable on June 22—the 10th as it is reckoped in Russia—but we need it trouble about that. As you and Neeld are both aware, on the 18th my brother fell into a collapse which was mistaken for death."

"Yes, the 18th," murmured Neeld, referring to the paper before him, and reading Josiah cholderton's account of what Mme. de Kries had told him at Heidelberg.

"From that attack he rallied temporarily, but not until his death had been reported." I am not the man to forget that circumstance," said Harry.

"The report of his death was, of course, contradicted immediately. The doctor attending him saw to that.

"Naturally: and I suppose the Comtesse would see to it, too."

"And the only importance that the occurrence of the 18th has for us at present is that, according to the Comtesses story, it suggested to the doctor the course which she, on his prompting, as she declared, and certaily with his confuser, alteryard adopted. My brother, having rallied from his flyst collapse, kept up the fight a little while longer. It was, however, plain to the doctor that he could live but a very short time. The Comtesses knew this. My brother was not in a condition to transact business and was incapable of securing to he only chance was the money for the property. This she saw her way to securing with the doctor's heip, even although my brother should die helore it fell due, and the authority she held should thereby lose its legal validity.

"You mean that they determined to carry out a fraud if necess

ATTAR OF ROSES. This Is the Month When the World's Most Deli-

cate Perfume Is Prepared. Travellers who cross the Balkan Mounains through Shipka Pass, made famous in the war between Turkey and Russia, have a unique and very pleasant experience, when they reach the southern slope of the mountains, if they arrive there in the month of June when the damask rose is in its full glory. A spur of the Balkans jutting out from the mountains extends some distance southward and then turns abruptly east stretching parallel with the main range for a hundred niles or so; the valley inclosed between the nountains and the spur is wide and rather sandy; it is known to fame as the Valley of Roses. More than half of the world's supply of that most delicate of all perfumes, the attar of roses, comes from this valley in the central part of Bulgaria. In this month of June the valley is in all its glory; the damask roses, covering the fields for scores of square miles, are at their best; the landscape is reddened by their bloom; the air is heavy with their fragrance; the busy harvest time has come and many thousands of peasants are in the fields culling the flowers as they arrive at perfection: the fruit of their summer's work, if it is a good average year, will be about \$500,-000 worth of the attar of roses which will be distributed to many markets of the world.

as it lay on the leaves of Josiah Cholderton's journal.

"My mother was married to my father on the 23d," said Harry, slowly.

"My brother died on the 22d," said Wilmot Edge. "He was dead before the Comtesse started for Petersburg."

Harry made no comment. He sat still and thoughtful.

"Of course I was put on the track of the affair," Edge pursued, "by the disappearance of the money. I had little difficulty in guessing that there had been something outer but what it was did not cross my mind for a long while. Even after I had a clue, I found Migratz a tough customer, and for a long time I totally failed to identify Mme. Valfler. When, thanks to a series of chances, I did so, it was a shock to me. She was the wife of a man of high position and high reputation. She had contrived—she was a remarkable woman—to carry, out this expedition of heavy without rousing any sus-It was the irony of fate that led the conlicting armies in the Russo-Turkish war into this peaceful valley devoted to the cultivation of beautiful flowers. Here the strug-gle was at its flercest, for the Turks fought desperately to keep their enemies from penerating further toward Constantinople. The alley was laid waste, the rose bushes were trampled into the earth by the passage to and fro of cavalry and heavy artillery; the peasants fled from their flelds amid the smoke of their ruined homes; it was years before the valley again blossomed with the rose; the industry regained its former proportions only about ten years ago; to-day the rose is one of the leading resources of Bulgaria.

Everybody knows that the attar of roses

s very expensive, but no one will wonder the understands that it takes hundreds of thousands of rose petals to make a pound of attar; in other words, about one thousand pounds of the leaves are required to make pound of the oil. The word attar is not applied alone to the oil of roses, but to the essential oil of any plant which possesses concentrated form the odor of the vegeable substance from which it is derived.

now, and I have spoken, Mr. Tristram—or Lord Tristram, as I undoubtedly ought to say."

Harry turned to Mr. Neeld with a smile and pointed at the leaves of the Journal.

"There was something Cholderton didn't know after all," he said. "A third dateneither the 18th nor the 24th! Twenty-four hours! Well, I suppose it's enough!"

"It's enough to make all the difference to you," said Neeld. "It makes the action you took in giving up your position unnecessary and wrong. It restores the state of things which existed—"Before you and Mina Zabriska came to Blent—and brought Mr. Cholderton?"

He sat smiling a moment. "Forgive me. I'm very inhospitable," he said, and offered them eigarettes and whiskey.

Neeld refused, the Colonel took both.

"You may imagine with what feelings I heard your story," Edge resumed, "and found that the Comtesse's fraud was really the entire basis of your action. If I had been in England the thing need never have happened." Why is it that many flowers of exquisite ragrance are not used, like the damask rose nd a number of other blossoms, in the manufacture of perfumery? It is because they do not yield their attars by distillation or do so sparingly as not to admit of the collection of the attar for commercial purposes; but the attar of the damask rose is obtained without great difficulty, and because the flower attains its highest perfection in the Valley of Roses in central Bulgaria that district is the largest centre of its cultivation. hough some regions in Persia and Turkey also make important contributions to the

supply. So to-day the Bulgarian peasantry in this valley, men, women and children, are busy in the fields stripping the bushes of their been in England the thing need never have happened.

"It has happened," said Harry, "and—and I don't quite know where we are "For the world was all altered again, just when the struggle of the evening had seemed to settle it. The memory of the girl in the restaurant flashed across his mind. What would she—what would she say to this.

"You can call on me for proofs whenever you wish to proceed. After what has occurred. I presume they will be necessary," said Edge.

"Yes, yes, for his seat," assented Neeld.

"And to satisfy public opinion," added Edge. bloom and singing merrily as they work. The distillation of the oil is carried on in a number of towns, but the great centre of the industry is Kasnalik, a flourishing town of 10,000 inhabitants, where most of the attar s produced. The leaves are placed in a till of quite primitive construction. A small quantity of water is poured over the leaves, then heat is applied, and the steam carries with it to another part of the apparatus the vapor of the essential oil, which is hen liquedled in a condenser, and the attar of roses is the result of this last operation.

Edge
There was a pause. Neeld broke it by saying timidly:
"And-er-there is, of course, the—the lady. The lady who now holds the title and estates."
"Of course," agreed Edge with a nod that apologized for forgetfulness.

Of course there was! Harry smiled. He had been won-tering how long they would take to think of the lady who now held the title and estates. Well they had come to her at last—after providing for the require-The regular wholesale dealers can, of course, obtain the pure article, but it is difficult for the casual purchaser, even at the place of manufacture, to buy it except in an adulterated form. The commodity is so expensive that it is difficult for the producers to resist the temptation to add to their title and estates. Well they had come to her at last—after providing for the requirements of the House of Lords and the demands of public opinion—after satisfying the girl in the restaurant, in fact. Yes, of course, there was the lady, too.

At a glance from Edge, Neeld rose to go.

"Pray, wait—wait a minute or two," begged Harry. "I want to think for a minute. Neeld sat down again. It is very likely they were as surprised at him as he was childishly vexed at them. For he exhibited perfect calm. Yet perhaps Col. Edge—who had given so colorless an account of the Comtesse's wild appeal to him—was well suited.

"I'm going down to Iver's to-morrow." profits by diluting it a little. common form in which the attar of roses gets into the general markets is rose water, which is nothing but water tinctured by dis-

tillation with a little of the attar. Though the Valley of Roses is the largest European source of attar of roses there are other regions where perfumery from flowers is produced. The most important of them all is the district around Cannes, Nice and Grasse, which is ten miles inland from Cannes. Here roses, jasmines, and violets grow to such perfection that the processes of perfumery making are successfully applied placing Nice and Cannes among the rgest producers of perfumes.

THE COMPANY'S SHARE OF IT. Plan Followed by a Rathroad Conductor to Dividing Up Cash Receipts.

who had given so colorless an account of
the Comtesse's wild appeal to him—was
well suited.

"I'm going down to Iver's to-morrow,"
said old Neeld, tucking the extracts from
the journal into his pocket.

"To Iver's?" After a moment's silence
Harry fairly laughed. Edge was surprised
not understanding what a difference the
Comtesse's financeuvre had made there, too.
He could not be expected to know all the
difference it had made to Harry's life, even
to the man himself. Two irresponsible
ladies—say Addie and—well, Mme. Valler—
may indeed make a difference.

"Yes, to Fairholme," continued old Neeld.

"We—we may see you there now?"
Edge looked up in an interested glance.
It had occurred to him that he was turning
somebody out as well as somebody in.

"You'll have, of course, to communicate
what I have said to—to—"

"O, we'll say Lady Tristram still," Harry
interrupted.

Edge gave a little bow. "I shall be ready
to meet her or her advisers at any time,"
he remarked. "She will, I hope, recognize
that no other course was open to me. She
must not think that there is any room for
doubt." "I've heerd it said," remarked the rural traveller to the conductor of the suburban train, thet, in spite of what folks sez about big conpinations and syndicates grindin' down the laborin' man an' swindlin' the poor, the company doesn't always get the best of it."

pany doesn't always get the best of it."

"No, not always," said the conductor."

"But how kin a conductor—well now, not bein' pussonal, but you, fer instance, how could you git the best of the company just takin' up tickets of which the company knows how many is issued?"

"You can't get the best of it on tickets," replied the conductor, but sometimes a passenger boards a train in such a hurry that he hasn't time to purchase a ticket and we collect his fare in cash. I knew a conductor once, Bill Seruggins was his name, who made considerable out of cash fares; and yet. Bill claimed that he always gave the company its proper portion."

must not think that there is any room for doubt."

Harry's brain was at work now; he saw himself going to Blent, going to tell Cecily. "Possibly," Mr. Neeld suggested, "it would be better to intrust a third person with the task of giving her this news? One of her own sex, perhaps?" He seemed to contemplate a possible fainting fit and, remembering his novels, the necessity of cutting stay laces, a task better left to woman. "You're, thinking of Mina? Of Mina Zabriska?" asked Harry, laughing. There, again—what a loss! Why had not Mina heard it at first hand? She would have known how to treat the thing.

"the's always taken a great interest in

known how to treat the thing.

".he's always taken a great interest in the matter and—and I understand—is very friendly with—with Miss Gainsborough," said Neeld

"We shall make up our minds what to call ourselves soon," sighed Harry.

"There can be no doubt at all," Edge put in; "and if I may venture to suggest, I should say that the sooner the necessity is faced the better."

"Certainly, certainly," Harry assented absently.

"Certainly, certainly, Harry assented absently.
"The whole thing makes me look rather an ass, I think," he added.
"No doubt you acted impulsively," Edge allowed. It was fully equivalent to an

"Good heavens. I'd been brought up to it! It had always been the fact of my life." He made no pretences about the matter. "It never occurred to me to think of any mistake. That certificate——" It lay on the table still—"was the sword of Damocles." He laughed as he spoke the hackneyed old phrase. "And Damocles knew the sword was there, or there'd have been no point in it."

in it."
The two had rather lost track of his mood.

The two had rather lost track of his mood. They looked at one another again.
"You've a lot to think of. We'll leave you," said the Colonel.
"But but what am I to do?" Old Neeld's voice was almost a bleat in his despair. "Am I to tell people at Blentmouth?"
"The communication should come from an authoritative quarter, Edge advised.
"It's bound to be a blow to her," said Neeld. "Suddenly lifted up, suddenly thrown down! Poor girl."

To be continued.

siderable out of cash fares; and yet, Bill claimed that he always gave the company its proper portion."

"How's that?" asked the rural traveller.

"Well, Bill had a good route for cash fareshe used to run an accommodation—and when he came near his last station he'd take all the money he had collected and throw it up in the air. Whatever part of it stuck to the bell rope he gave to the company, the rest was his."

"I expect the wear and tear on thet there bell rope didn't amount to a great deal."

"I expect you're right about that; and yet, they do say that a ten-dollar note got caught on it one day"

"Then, I suppose he turned that into the company?

"Well, I believe Bill did intend turning 4n that note; but when he took it down he found it was folded so derned peculiar that it just had to stick to that bell rope if it came anywhere near it, and so he didn't think he'd had a square deal"

"What did he do about it?"

"Had a passenger change the note into silver and threw it up again."

DEMAND FOR SUMMER HOMES. High Rents Obtained for Houses Near New

York When They Are Attractive.

"I know of no better investment in real estate," said a real estate agent, "than the summer home near the city. The demand for houses of this kind is increasing every

summer home near the city. The demand for houses of this kind is increasing every year and we have more calls than we ever are able to meet.

"Houses in Westchester and in the accessible parts of New Jersey are always in demand and they bring larger prices every year, rather than taking the contrary course, as they were expected to do a few years ago one of the most marked changes in recent years has been in the class of tenants who are now willing to pay prices rarely heard of a few seasons ago.

"Now we rent every year in Westchester county haif a dozen houses for rents that ranks from \$5.000 to \$5.000 a summer. Formerly there was next to no market for houses that cost so much, and the demand used to be altogether for smaller and inexpensive the great increase in wealth in the city or a disposition on the part of wealthy men to rent rather than buy near the city has led to this demand for expensive houses, of which more could be rented than the market offers every year.

"There is also money to be made out of the sampler and less costly houses, if they are in any way attractive. One can make a profit out of them even when they are more remote than Long Island, Westchester or New Jersey. I know of one man who built a house in an attractive part of the Cat-kills, paying \$1.500 for the whole thing, as the houses are built very simply there. He did that three years ago and has rented it for \$400 a year ever since. That was certainly a good real estate investment."

Poor girl."

"Justice is the first thing," declared Wilmot Edge. Now he might have been or a court-martial.

They knew nothing whatever of the truth or the true position.

"We may rely on on Lord Tristram—to treat the matter with every delicacy, Edge".

"I'm sure of it, Neeld. I'm sure of it."

They sat silent them watching him for a few minutes. He stood leaning his arm on the mantelpiece, his brows knit, but a smile, lingering on his lips. He was seeing the scene again, the scene in which he was to tell (cecily. He knew what the end of it would be. They were strangers now. The scene would leave them strangers still. Still Mina Zabriska would be left to say, "You Tristrams." Given that they were Tristrams, no other result was possible. They had been through what Mr. Neeld called practically the same experience already; in that very room it had happened.

Suddenly the two men saw a light born in Harry's eves, his brow grew smooth, the smile on his lips wider. He gave a moment's more consideration to the new thing. Then he raised his head and spoke to Wilmot Edge.

INDIANS WHO HIRE WHITE MEN. Property of Some of the Muskegee Farmers

in the Southwest. WASHINGTON, June 15 .- Agents of the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department, who have just returned from the southwest report more than a dozen cases in the Indian Territory in which wealthy Indians are employing white men to work their farms, being content themselves to reside upon their estates in ease and comfort, piling up the profits made for them by their white servants. The Indian Bureau experts report that there are reasons for believing that this condition of things exists not only among the Muskogees, but also among many of the other tribes of the southwest, notably the Pueblos and the Navajos.

One wealthy Indian, Chief Porter of the Muskogees, employs more than one hundred white men as his ranchmen, servants and cattlemen. The white men are not, as one might suppose, of low intelligence On the contrary, some of the best cowboys of the country are on the salary list of Chief Porter, and consider it no indignity to work for a red man

Some of the white men are Mexican halfbreeds, of uncouth appearance and inferior education, but they are experts in the art of the plains nevertheless. The major domo of Chief Porter's big ranch is an Indian, but the American cowboys have no trouble with him. An American cowboy named Gadd is perhaps the real major domo of the establishment, since he is the recognized leader of the white men, though he himself takes orders from the Indian major domo.

Chief Porter's ranch comprises nearly 4,000 acres, part of which belonged to him as a member of the tribe, and the balance of which he either operates for the benefit of his fellow he either operates for the benefit of his fellow tribesmen, paying them what might be termed a rental, or else he owns the lands outright, having purchased them from the profits made on his small bezinning. He deals in cattle, as do most of the Indian ranch owners, and only the more peaceful tribes indulge in occupations which have led them to be described by the Indian Bureau as the pastern! tribes

owners, and only the more peaceful tribes indulge in occupations which have led them to be described by the Indian Bureau as the pastoral tribes of Nevada. Utah and Colorado have made small fortunes with their farming tracts, which they now cultivate with the skill of their white brothers. Here, too, according to the Department experts, it is no unusual sight to find white farm laborers working under the direction of Indian owners, though it naturally follows that there are more men employed on a ranch than on a farm, and hence the white employees are more common in Arizona and New Mexico.

Of all the tribes the Navajos are probably the least civilized and the least learned in the art of cultivating soil or raising cattle. Some of them, however, are rich men, having shown sagacity in dealing with their follow men. Each Indian has forty acres of land under Government grant, but some of these semi-civilized tribesmen have acquired by purchase from their more ignorant brothers the title to other tracts of forty acres. This perhaps is an excellent illustration of the teaching that even if all the wealth of the world be equally distributed among the world's inhabitants some one would obtain part of some one else's share before five minutes had elapsed after the division. The plight of some of the poor tribesmen who have been persuaded to part with their lands is described as pitiful, while at least one chief of the tribe is accounted worth \$50,000 at the very lowest with great herds of cattle and well-cultivated fields.

The highest state of thrift is found among the Muskogees, and Chief Porter is quite the ideal shrewd Indian of that tribe. Many of his associates are also wealthy and employ white men to work their ranches. In the Muskogee nation it is quite a common occurrence to discover a group of ten or a score of Indians who have banded together for mutual benefit, working their ranches in common and employing one group of white men to care for all the lands. This not only saves expense, but relieves the Indian

Most of the Indians of the Muskogee nation, and in fact all through Indian Territory, know the ways of the white men and are more than a match for many white men in coming to them and generally get it. It is almost impossible for a white man to secure possession of an Indian's land, while on a financial transaction the Indian will be found quite at home. Of course, among the Inknow the waxs of the white men and are ploint of threwishes. They know what is coming to them and generally get it is coming to the an indicate and white on a manufacture of the coming to the control of the coming the first of the coming the coming the

MOTHER GOOSE WAX WORKS

Robin Taylor and Company Call Upon His Majesty, King Edward VII.

Corpright, 1901, by Charles Battell Loomis. Robin Taylor will not soon forget the visit o King Edward VII. made while he and the Animated Wax Works were in London.

The mail that came to Robin-every morning was tremendous. Children all over the British Isles would write to himasking him if he really had Puss in Boots and Cinderella and all the rest with him, and after awhile he engaged Jack the Giant Killer, who was a very good penman, to answer all the letters. The fact is Robin was not much of a writer, and his signature was about all he cared to bother with. He always said that when he grew up he was going to have a steam type-writer and all he'd do would be to shovel in

cool and let the old thing do the rest. One morning among the letters that the postman left was one with the royal seal on it, and it proved to be what is called a "com-mand" from the King for Robin to come with

his people and give a little show.

Well, Robin was not quite old enough to like being commanded by any one except his father, so he dictated a boyish letter which Jack wrote out in his best handwhich happened to be his left. It ran as follows:

"My dear Prince, I mean my dear King Edward VII:

"I am an American boy and my papa voted

"I am an American boy and my papa voted for McKinley, so you see I do not have to do what a King commands, but I have heard that you are a pretty good sort of King, and some one told me that when you were a boy you were fond of Mother Goose yourself. You know she was born in Beston, and is an American. For the sake of old times we will come out to your place and we will try to make you forget your troubles for an hour or so.

"If you were King George I would not come because he was awfully mean to us Americans, but as my papa says, We'll let bygones be bygones,' and come out, because we want to see what a King looks like."

It is said that King Edward laughed heartily at the independent little letter and was more than ever anxious to meet Robin and the rest. It was while the King was at Windsor and a lovely day, too, that the party went to meet him. If ne'd been some kings he would have had no end of bands of music and gold thrones and diamond crowns and scarlet robes and monkeys in waiting and Lord High Thisses and diamond crowns and scarlet robes and Thats, but sometning told him that Robin didn't care for flummery so he dismissed all of his followers and met Robin and the rest by appointment in a plece of woods just ouiside Windsor. He was dressed in a gray check suit and wore a very business, like looking derby. "Is that Robin Taylor?" said he, in his German accent, removing his hat out of deference to Cindetella and the other women of the company. "That's my name," said Robin, stoutly, "That's my name," said Robin, stoutly,

deference to Cinderella and the other women of the company.

"That's my name," said Robin, stoutly, "and I guess you're the King. You look like your photographs, only fatter and grayer.

At this Old Mother Hubbard threw up her hand, as if she expected lightning to strike the boy at once, but the King only laughed and said:

"Well, now suppose you introduce me to all these interesting people. I know some by sight."

all these interesting people I know some by sight"

So Robin introduced him to every man, woman and arimal in the party, winding up with the Cow that jumped over the moon. The King had a pleasant word for each one and he asked the Cow just how she went to the moon and back, and she replied quick as a wink, "By the milty whey, sir," which was not bad for a cow.

During the introductions Robin had kept his eyes on the King, and when he had finished he seemed to come to the conclusion that Kings weren't half bad, so he said: "Say, if you want I'll say, Oh, King, live forever! whenever I speak to you. Is that proper?"

"No, it is not," said King Edward, with a smile, "because I might do it, you know."

"And wouldn't you like to?" asked Robin, wonderingly, that something hitle short.

"And wouldn't you like to?" asked Robin, wonderingly.

"No. I think that something a little short of Methuselah's age would suit me."

"Well, that's hecause you have to wear a crown when you're on the throne and because you have to rule people. I know my teacher used to say it was awful vexing have ing to rule a class of beys, and it must be harder to rule a whele kingdom. Say, ch, King, why don't you give the whole thing up and join us and enjoy yourself?"

King Edward sighed a little sigh. "Robin, I believe I'd have the time of my life I'l could do it, but we must do what we have to in this world. You were lucky enough to be born an American boy and you may become

born an American boy and you may become President. I can never hope to be more than King."

Robin looked genuinely sorry, "It's hard